

Bionic

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The senses,
are demeaning,

numb from overexertion
they shut down,

available only for a recall,
and the body is only a machine,

with all the parts on back order,
the soul is a tasteless vapor,

evaporating in the gears
keeping the momentum

of a forward pull,
past this uncertainty,

and the knowledge of impending freedom

melts the chains of the heart.

